That Old Gang Of Mine

You wonder how I remember all this stuff. I'll start with the 'Mayor of Highland Town'. He wasn't 56 or 65. He was only about 15 But when he walked down the Street. Every body got off the Sidewalk. The Sidewalks on Severton Ave were only about three Feet wide & he took up the whole space. I don't know about the Grown up's but us kids never gave him any Sip. If you were eating a Candy Bar or Snow Ball he would (say) 'dibs'. That meant you always gave the person that said 'Dibs' first, would get left a little bit of what you were having. If 'Marvin' The Mayor was eating something you never said nothing, because you wouldn't get it. If we were all together & 'Marvin' came up nobody spoke until he did. He would even take your Hat if he wanted it. We were all about Nine or Ten & average Skinny kids. But Marvin was about a Foot taller & about a Hundred lbs heavier. The strange thing about this part of my childhood Story is Me & Pep went back to Severaton Ave Seventy Years later just to look around, we were talking to this Couple about Sixty years old. We told them we had lived next Door to them when we were kids. They told us people were buying & fixing up the Old Houses. 'Four Rooms' They said not to much happens exciting its pretty quiet. The man said we

did have a little excitement. They said they had went to the Funeral Parlor last night. One of the old long time residents had Died. Hold your Hat, He name was 'Marvin Wells.' Like I said, the 'Mayor of Highland Town'

Now I'll tell you about 'Frederic Santos' Nobody called him that. All of us kids called him 'Freddy The Wop', I'm not being ~~disrespe~~ disrespectfull, that was his name, far as we were concerned. On another article I told about the Fight between my Brother Junior & the 'Wop'. I didn't tell you about the Court Case. Our Father had to take us down to Juvenile ~~Court~~ Court. Before we faced the Judge out side Our Father said, what are you going to tell the Judge? I told him I would tell the truth. I threw a Tin can & put the Wop's Eye out. He told me that Boys & 'Italian'. Dont say anything about a 'Wop'. When we got inside I saw the Judge sitting there & he was looking at my Brother & said. What are you here for. My Brother started to speak & the Judge said I'm not talking to you. While he was looking at my Brother he was pointing at me. When he turned his head around I could see he was real Crosseyed. Finally I got to talk & I told him That 'Italian' was hitting my Brother in the side & I threw a Tin Can & put his Eye out. He made me repeat what I said

& he got up & went into his Chambers for about ten Minutes. He probaly had to laught about a Nine year Kid calling Freddy a Italian. He came out & heard the whole story & he put us on Probation for about three Months. Every Saturday we had to walk all the way downtown & sign in. That was the second time I had to ~~to~~ do that. And then there was Anthoney, He was sort of a Monies Boy. He lived about ½ a block from me. I would go down & sit on his front steps & his Mother would see me & she would let Anthoney come out & play cards with me. She liked me & I would go to the store & pick up stuff for her. She usaly gave me about three or four cents. That was pretty good for a kid in the Depression. After awhile she would bring us Kool Aid & Jelly sandwiches. I knew what I was doing. After awhile I would knock on the Door & tell her I was leaving, then she made Anthony come back in the House. He was never alowed out unless I was there.

And then there was 'Polock' Thats the only name I ever knew him by. He Always had something going. We called him the 'Russian Cosac'. But every body called him Polock. He was the Guy I told you about when I was 8 yrs old in my ankhol We were digging in Thomans Dump at the time. We would go to the Pig Pen

& ride the Pigs. Its what Boys did then. The stuff on the Pen floors was about 6 inch deep. I dont remember if Our Mother let us back in the House. Pep & Junior did it too.

All switch gears again, I have other boys to talk about. You have heard of 'Ladies Of The Evening'. This is about Girls in the afternoon. 'Catherine Mitchell' & 'Dona Valentine'. Catherine lived directly across the Street & Dona lived across from the Pig Pen. They would string a Rope across the room & hang a sheet or Blanket across. All of us Boys were invited & they would charge One or Two Cents to come in & sit on the Floor & watch them dance with just there Underware. ~~I~~ My Macho to say with only there Panti--. Like I said, 'Girls'. They were Eight or Nine years old. We were about Nine or Ten. On the corner House next to Catherins. The Man had a little Grocery Store, his name was Michels Sass. He had a little Panel Truck. & Lettered on the side it said. 'For The Best In Lunch Meat look up Michels Sass. Try saying that fast. The Police made him paint the Truck. It was years latter before I relized what it was all about.

On the same Street there was a guy named 'Willie'. We were kids & he was a Old Man about Fourty. He would chew Tobacco & stand by his Steps & Spit Tobacco juice

into the Gutter. He would clap his Hands in the front + then in the back. It was running down the Gutter. We always gave him a ~~wide~~ wide bearth around him + sometimes he would get us. He didn't even try to miss us. Outie Spath lived around the corner. He was a little more high class because he lived in a corner House with Six Rooms + two Spickets on there Bathtub. There were other Kids like Bobby + Dondald Wilhelm but they were Sort of Pep's Friends. This was about one of eight Houses we lived in. Some 'To Beat the Rent Man'

Brother Martin - Jun Sr.

Me + Junior would take my Wagon down town + Collect Saw Dust from the Saw-Mill. + made a box on my wagon about Four feet long + we would have boxes on top of that. We would Dye it + make Moss for christmas Gardens Always around Christmas. Im pretty sure Pep was with us. But + don't ~~thank~~ want to write any thing + m not sure of. We would sell it for three quarts for a Nickel. All together we would make about a Dollar. That was big Money for a Weekend.

Brother Martin - Jun-S,